

# WOODLAND HIGHLAND DREAMLAND.



ADIRONDACK JACK. Photo by Kenneth Goldsmith.

## PEACEFUL LAND OF "PIPE WATER."

Lake Hopatcong, N. J., Saturday. **THE** general atmosphere is so peaceful, notwithstanding the many cottages and camps on the high wooded hills overlooking the lake, that the old Indian name Hopatcong or Pipe-water still seems appropriate. From a balcony built one might see how like a cauldron the Musconetcong River is in outline, curving down and away from the face of the hill, and then passing on through the beautiful Musconetcong Valley. True, there is not so much of the river since the Morris and Essex Canal became an outlet for the lake, but enough remains to prove the Indian's poetic truth.

If you take a whiff from this pipe there will be no ill result. Lake Hopatcong is the smoker's and fisherman's paradise. Many an amusing and interesting bit of summer life you may catch with your mental camera while rowing leisurely along the shores. Here two stalwart campers in brown and yellow jerseys are calmly washing out their underwear on their own little dock in the background is a white tent in which are evident preparations for the midday meal; sleeping are near, and the whole aspect proclaims a college camp. Further on is an orthodox summer cottage, with stone-work foundations, hammocks, rustic bridges, a scarlet blanket on a sunny cliff and a red-tiled up-to-date appearance. Then comes a group of small cottages, one with a yellow hair unbound is sitting on a log and singing, not the Lorelei, but Row, row, row with care.

Don't lose the presence of the passerine. The sunburned, bareheaded girl rowing slowly up to the landing answers with a melodious college yell.

Listening to their chatter, you enter a little cove and, "catching a crab," plunge into a wide, white, foaming waterfall, whose cold, good natured face wrinkles into a very evident "Donner and Blitzen." You do not apologize for his luck in any case is problematical. It is not just here that he will find the black bass, perch or pickerel in good measure, though the sun-fish may jump at his bait. So you cheerfully call out, "What luck?"

Many a fisherman for the fish" he shouts laconically and you quickly row on past Bishop's Rock and Bonaparte's Landing and away from the Devil's Stairway toward the River Styx, where as just tribulation for your sins you bump your forehead against the low timbered arch of the bridge that bars your entrance.

But what care can remain with you gliding along into this glassy stillness? You see the water, blue and green, and you look for the blue heron which in times past stood upon a sunny point. So still it is, you scarcely dip an oar. A dead yellow perch floats in among the purple blossoms of the water knot weed, and ferns drop over the stone upon which two turtles are basking in the sun. A blue jay is perched on a branch, and you, these are the true interests of summer life, and you decide that your doll is not stuffed with sawdust after all.

A mode-reminder of the Indian past is the small camp on the road to Mount Harry—that favorite mountain walk in which you always go up one way and find every time a different view of coming back. Park Cloud and his family have made for themselves tables, stools and benches from rough, unplanned wood, and eat from cheap crockery, and wear calico and woolen of a faded and melancholy design. Yet here have the true olive-skin and straight black hair and keep their bright air of dignity. They are never in a hurry, not even to sell the fine and tasteful basket work which is brought out by the little girl, a stranger, in the picturesque costume she sometimes wears.

A camp of another calibre you find when walking toward Chestnut Point. By the roadside is an automobile, and a trim young woman waves aside the pink lemonade which her escort laughingly offers. He points to the long table before one of the tents, but she shakes her head resolutely. She could have hot steamed clams there on this warm August day, or from another tent the payer striped candy and festive ice cream.

From another tent looks out the gypsy child, with scattered lightning spells

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Environment Which Is Most Inviting and Which Often Leads to Sentiment.

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The horses pull steadily up a winding incline, pausing now and then to rest when there is only the sound of the creaking harness, the flutter of a speeding squirrel and the whisper of the woods. It is a serpentine climb the carriage takes, past huge rocks, brown with lichen; the gentle fall of a mountain brook, glimpses of a sudden valley of swaying tree tops; hazy glances of a craggy mountain, far above, and then quickly, after an hour's drive, a dash around this mountain, on a level road, where laurel and green foliage are flowering in grassy nooks. The carriage clatters along, spins around a corner, and suddenly there is revealed through the moving trees a picturesque little lake, nestled in the lee of the mountain, dark green with its depth of a hundred feet, where the menacing, overhanging rocks stoop down to meet it. A cluster over a wooden bridge and you are at Lake Mohonk.

Lake Mohonk, unique in its personality, for it has a personality, and unique in its physical characteristics: Mohonk, with its surprising lake, its luxuriant flower gardens, its rocks, its scenery and its proprietor, Albert K. Smiley.

You mount the piazza which overhangs the lake itself. There is a view of a great, roomy office where often that not wood but stone is the material. The lake is a strange mixture of the old and the new—the old, almost ramshackle buildings of a decade or two decades ago, the new modern six-story structure of stone, the one side looking out upon the dimpling lake, the other on the valley of the Wallkill.

Your rooms are surprisingly large, and where they may be such as his private piazza with its splendid view. From the east side of the hotel there are the lake, with Sky Top towering right above it; the flower gardens, with wild rose and peonies and pansies and sweet peas and bright blue phlox, with quaint summer houses in stone and wood, half hidden amid trees and flowers. From the west side is the valley, with its farms and pastures and wooded parts, and scattered houses spread out in curious, irregular checker squares, and back of them the lofty Catskills, grand, magnificent, sharply silhouetted in undulating outline against the sky.

And everywhere in sight and out are quiet walks and paths, up the mountain, down to the valley through the woods, soft beds of pine needles and mossy earth beneath and an arch of whispering, waving trees overhead, and always tucked away, summer houses, "lookouts," they call them, just built for two, the very best of the kind. No wonder engagements are so many; it is so easy for two to lose themselves.

But the people who come to Mohonk are no less an attraction than the environment. It is filled with representatives of the best sort of society from all the big Eastern cities, women of culture and fashion, men of high repute in business and in the professions, pretty girls and college boys, all of them clean and refined, with brains. There is no "fast set" at Mohonk, and surely this is evidence for a summer resort.

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Then a cooling plunge in the lake. Dinner, perhaps ping-pong or bowling, or a walk together through the woods, clambering over easy obstacles, resting in sentimental summer houses, drinking in the warm green smells, picking posies, going hand in hand through dark caves, talking only as much as befits good friends.

A drive over the winding roads or else out on the lake again in the soft twilight,

## MERRIEWOLD IS ALL ITS NAME IMPLIES.

A Place in Which to Throw Off Care and Grow Young Again.

Merriewold, N. Y., Saturday. **NESTLED** among the hills of Sullivan county, on the borders of a beautiful lake, is a summer resort known as Merriewold. It is quite unknown to fame, but the fortunate few who really know it each year love it heartily and find it "merric" as its name implies.

Merriewold is not grand in scenery, nor is it wildly picturesque, but it possesses a peculiar charm that endears it to the heart. Like Byron's heroine, who was not violently lively, but stole upon the fancy like a May day breeze, (I hope that is right; I haven't my book at hand).

Our walks are simply lovely. Eagle's Rock and Lover's Lane are very popular, and a delightfully "creaky" one is down a fern bordered footpath which grows more and more twilight and mysterious till you reach a cove of hemlocks, through whose interlacing boughs scarce a ray of light penetrates. Such a spot, one fancy, may have served as a trysting place for the ill-fated Edith Deans and her handsome, reckless George.

Perhaps these scenes are better suited to legends of Indiana, where there is still over the fair lands they once possessed, some memory of the red man lingers yet in the names of hills and streams—a little touch of the Indian's breath, "sips" down through moss grown stones with peculiar charm that endears it to the heart. Like Byron's heroine, who was not violently lively, but stole upon the fancy like a May day breeze, (I hope that is right; I haven't my book at hand).

Truly the sunshine falls with a special tenderness upon one here, and the air laden with the spicy breath of the pines and sweet ferns has a delightfully buoyant and exhilarating effect. The clatter of falling water as it rushes over rocks in a white sheet of foam, and then, in lazy mood, as though repenting its haste, "sips" down through moss grown stones with peculiar charm that endears it to the heart. Like Byron's heroine, who was not violently lively, but stole upon the fancy like a May day breeze, (I hope that is right; I haven't my book at hand).

The inn is at one end and the cottages mostly at the other of the lake, and surely never was there a more friendly colony. There are no cliques nor exclusive sets among us, nor do we claim the remoteness of the "Four Hundred." A lovely spirit of good fellowship and democracy reigns which banishes formality.

There is, I will admit, a little difference between "the Inn people" and the cottagers, such as Susan Nipper insisted upon as marking her superiority over the worthy Richards. We cannot but feel they are "temporaries" only. We have, too, our "old families," the pioneers of Merriewold—who plume themselves somewhat on having been here first, sort of Columbian, and enthusiastically describe the joys of the "camping life" summer, some fourteen years ago, before there were any cottages. The latter comers listen to these narratives respectfully and try not to feel envious.

Some of the new cottages are very elaborate. One is to be a fac-simile of a Japanese dwelling and is to be approached by an avenue of pines interspersed with the flowering cherry for which Japan is noted.

Of course, we have swimming and rowing, and fish are to be caught in the Merriewold by him who has patience, but these recreations are a back number with us who at present are enjoying a much more craze and spend our days hunting for fungi.

We have a learned botanist and mycologist among us and we have caught the fever. Every one collects mushrooms, and every one eats them, too, after he has passed judgment. It is curious how many of the repulsive looking growths we were taught to shun as poisonous, even to

## WATER GAP IS GAINING IN FAVOR

DELAWARE WATER GAP, Pa., Saturday. **STEADILY** this resort is gaining in popularity and in the number of visitors.

On today evening a progressive euchre was held in the parlor of the Kittatinny for the benefit of the Catholic chapel across the river. Prizes were won by Mrs. Charles Pfeiffer, Mrs. J. McArdle, Mrs. E. G. McKenna, Anna M. Mannon, M. M. Harris, Miss M. Madder, H. J. Schumacher, S. Dickson, T. P. Mooney, Mrs. Hagner, N. Sullivan and Miss E. Buchhorst.

At the Kittatinny a very enjoyable contest was given by William H. McCallin. Mrs. H. S. Johnson, of Brooklyn, is enjoying the picturesque scenery of the Gap.

H. B. Davis, of New York city, is enjoying the golf links of the Caldengo Club while staying at the Oaks. Miss Estelle, of New York city, is entertaining the visitors at the Kittatinny with her singing and playing.

C. E. Heine and Miss Heine gave a mandolin, guitar and banjo concert in the Kittatinny.

Mr. and Mrs. William Schuessler, of Brooklyn, are registered at the Oaks. Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Stout, of Brooklyn, are enjoying the social life at the Kittatinny.

On Saturday evening an enjoyable potato race was held in the Arlington. The first prize was won by Margaret Clark, second, Mabel Reinhardt; third, Ethel Webb; fourth, Mrs. Faucett; fifth, Emily Spencer, and baby, Ethel Spencer.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Fischer and daughter, of New York city, are enjoying the pure air of this resort during an extended visit at the Riverside House.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Hawes, of Brooklyn, are registered at the Water Gap House.

**THOUSAND ISLANDS.**

ALEXANDRIA, Bay, Saturday. **SOCIETY** ground ball at his country seat, on Calumet Island, Thursday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Hudson P. Rose, of New York, are entertaining in their summer home, on Rose Island, Mrs. W. W. Stone and Miss Margaret Stone, of New York, and Mrs. Jarvis M. Adams.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Adams, of Cleveland, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. C. McKenney, at Wildwood Island. Charles R. Skinner has returned to his home, in Albany, after spending the greater part of the season at his cottage, near St. Lawrence Park. Mrs. Skinner and family will remain at the cottage for a time.

Charles G. Emery, of New York, gave a



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